

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

"A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES"

VOL. 5. NO. 7 LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS

BYE THE BYE.



EXCEPTIONS by publishing houses are not common, but then there is only one CAPITAL CITY COURIER, and there is no other printing establishment in this part of the world with quarters fitted up as luxuriously as a parlor. The COURIER and the Wessell Printing Company were "at home" in their new offices Tuesday afternoon, and the imposing of friends, the very best people in the city, made its reception a social occasion. It was very gratifying indeed, but modesty is a becoming virtue in a host and for once the COURIER must restrain its reportorial inclinations. The daily papers have deemed the event of sufficient importance to report at some length, and their comments are quoted.

The Call had a double head reading, "They Were Right at Home—The COURIER Crew are Visited by Hundreds of Ladies Yesterday Afternoon," and continues: "The CAPITAL CITY COURIER forces inaugurated yesterday a novel feature in Lincoln newspaper circles. It indulged in a formal opening of its new and elegant office in the Harris block on N. 8th. The new abode of the COURIER crew is really attractive, not to say luxurious, refectory, comprising business office, news room and press room. The wood work of the business office is in white paint, the floors are nicely carpeted and the walls are hung with works of art. The news room is in keeping. It differs from other news rooms in that the office towel is not the only substantial attraction it affords. Several hundred ladies called at the COURIER office yesterday between 3 and 9 p. m., and were shown through the apartments where they could see the type setting, making up of forms and the printing of papers going on. To many of the visitors the sight was entirely novel. Miss Willoughby enlivened the occasion with piano selections. Souvenirs of the occasion were distributed by the proprietor, Mr. Wessell, and his chief dependence, Mr. Benninger, the editor. Uniformed boys were in attendance at the door. A colored artist in spotless linen dispensed a choice brand of lemonade from a large punch bowl. Some of the guests enjoyed a dance in the news room. W. Morton Smith and Frank E. Louis, representatives of the Omaha Republican, with offices in the building, assisted in the reception and distributed cards of greeting."

Under the caption of "Open House at the COURIER Office," the State Journal of Wednesday morning gives an account of the COURIER's "at home," but it wasn't fair to slight the scores of gentlemen who called. The Journal said: "Yesterday afternoon from 3 till 9 in the evening the new office of the CAPITAL CITY COURIER was the scene of an opening of more than usual interest, and during the intervening hours the fashion, beauty and intelligence of the capital city enjoyed the somewhat novel sight of seeing how printing is done. The callers were entirely of the fair sex, numbering over 600 in all. The business office of the COURIER presents a very neat appearance and everything required to furnish the place handsomely has been put in. Music was furnished by Miss Willoughby and souvenirs were presented to each caller on entering. The guests were received by Mr. Lou Wessell and his editor and assistant, Mr. Fred Benninger, who in turn were assisted by Mr. Henry Evans, the foreman, and Mr. F. W. Hampton of the news department, and through their courtesy were given every attention. Light refreshments were served and every facility was afforded that would add to the pleasure of the occasion. The opening was a decided success and none but words of praise were heard."

The Omaha Republican said: "Five hundred handsome invitations to the 'at home' of the CAPITAL CITY COURIER and the Republican's Lincoln bureau yesterday in the COURIER's office in the elegant new Harris block on N. 8th street, had been issued which brought fully that number of friends of both papers. The guests began to arrive about 3 o'clock, and from that time till 9 p. m. the COURIER and Republican were kept busy entertaining their friends and showing them the mysteries of a modern newspaper, composing and press rooms. The COURIER building is a model of elegance, the offices shared by the Republican are the finest in the city. Fine Brussels carpets cover the floors, elegant paintings, lace curtains, cut flowers, potted plants, numerous collections of the taxidermist's art and song birds, together with the gay toilets of the many ladies present, rendered the rooms a pretty scene. The guests were taken through the entire establishment; were shown the intelligent types at work, and listened to the cheerful click of the type fall into the stick. The press rooms were visited, where the guests were given souvenirs of the COURIER and Republican direct from the press. In the evening a portion of the composing room was cleared and dancing indulged in. The affair was a delightful success in every particular and the editor of the COURIER, Mr. Lou Wessell, Jr., was the recipient of many congratulations."

The Evening News commented as follows: "The COURIER and Omaha Republican's Lincoln bureau were 'at home' yesterday afternoon to some 600 callers. The offices at 1122 N. 8th street are models of elegance, fine Brussels carpets on the floor and plants and paintings adorning the windows. The callers were mostly of the gentler sex, and handsome souvenirs were handed each as they entered. Punch, lemonade and light refreshments were also dispensed. Music was furnished by Miss Willoughby. Callers in the afternoon were shown the mysteries of the art preservative, while in the evening dancing was indulged in."

Among the decorations were numerous specimens of the taxidermist's art, among them several fine American eagles. They were mounted by Mr. Fred J. Breese of the state university, who is an expert in his line. The lifelikeness of the birds was much commented on."

Mrs. Major Buford and Miss Fanny Warner were valuable assistants in receiving and entertaining the ladies.

Miss Bissland, the Cosmopolitan Magazine's courier in the attempt to go around the world in seventy-five days or less, missed connections in France last Sunday. She was expecting to take the steamer La Champagne leaving at seven that morning, but arrived a little too late. She was scheduled to be in New York next Monday, and the French steamer was the only one that would reach New York on time. She then went to Queens to take the Bohemia, which is a two-day day steamer. It seems a great pity that a delay of an hour or two, the last connection to be made, should make Miss Bissland miss her mark after surmounting all other difficulties.

Miss Bissland says the way her trip originated was this: Mr. Walker, the owner and editor of the Cosmopolitan, was talking with a party of newspaper men about Nellie Bly's proposed trip for the New York World. He said he thought she made a mistake in going east because he believed better time could be made going westward. Considerable discussion followed, and the upshot of it was that Mr. Walker said he believed he could prove it. He asked Miss Bissland to undertake the trip, and named a train that would start in less than five hours. She consented. Her drummer happened to have a gown under way, and it was finished in two hours. At train time Miss Bissland was on hand with a grip containing a change of underclothing and a few toilet articles. Think of making a trip of thirty thousand miles without a trunk—and a woman at that. Her route was from New York to San Francisco by rail. Thence to Yokohama, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Brindisi, Havre and New York. In case she failed to catch a fast steamer at Havre she intended to run over to England to take ship. At the time Miss Bissland missed the connection for her three thousand westerly journey, Miss Bly was approaching San Francisco, there to begin her three thousand mile trip on land.

The COURIER is specially interested in Miss Bissland's journey because it sustains close business relations with the Cosmopolitan, whereby this paper and that magazine are clubbed together for \$3.00 a year. With a single exception no other first-class magazine can be had for that price, not to mention the COURIER. Mr. Walker is a wealthy man and is pouring out money to make the Cosmopolitan a valuable and a beautiful monthly.

Miss Bissland has an illustrated article in the Cosmopolitan for January on the famous beauties of the present day, both in Europe and America. Among them is given Carmencita, the dancer who was in Lincoln two or three weeks ago in Kiralfy's spectacle, "Antiope." Carmencita has a great reputation in Spain, where she is known as the Pearl of Seville. She flashed upon that city with a grace and style of dancing that was new. These with her beauty captured the hearts of the volatile Spaniards and they idolized her.

The papers have announced the closing of the Omaha Bee bureau in Lincoln. This is probably the immediate result of a series of three lured suits recently brought by Lincoln men for petty grievances. By maintaining a Lincoln office the Bee was subject to legal service in this city. A man in Lincoln could begin suit without much cost or trouble, and could vent his spite by harassing Mr. Rosewater with frequent trips here, entailing considerable expense, annoyance and loss of time. The Bee has been sued four times during the last three or four months, but it is likely that at least three of the suits would not have been begun had it been necessary to try the case in Omaha. Mr. A. E. Ewan is still the correspondent of the Bee and there will be no dearth of papers, but the Omaha office will not recognize the existence of a Lincoln bureau in the sense of a branch office liable to legal service. Men who want to bring lured suits merely to worry Mr. Rosewater are liable to take a second time before they begin proceedings in Omaha.

Mr. Al. Fairbrother, late of the Call, went to Omaha two weeks ago to write heavy editorials for the World-Herald. It was rumored in newspaper circles up there that Al was ultimately to be put in charge of the "coffee pot" in the place of Fred Nye, who intended to quit newspaper work. When Nye and Frank Johnson sold the Republican, they retained the job printing department. They are doing a big and profitable business, and in order to give it his attention Nye has given up regular newspaper work—for the time being at least. A different hand is at work in the "coffee pot," and in frequent allusions to state officials, politicians and Lincoln men we can see plainly the work of Fairbrother's pen. Al hasan extensive and thorough acquaintance with the politicians of Nebraska, and ought to be a valuable man to the World-Herald for that reason if for no other. But there are other good reasons. It seems sometimes as though Al affected the mannerisms of the bohemian, but it isn't necessary and doesn't add anything to the general esteem. He has the brilliant flashes of work of the traditional bohemian and he has given evidences of a capacity for long stretches of it. He can write with all the force of simple, unadorned Anglo-Saxon, then again he can measure a picturesque style. He has a lively sense of humor—rough, shoddy, it may be, but original and spontaneous. He can turn out home-made verses, has an acquaintance with and appreciates good literature, can work like a steam engine on occasion, and altogether is an exceedingly handy man to have in the office.

Lincoln has it: the grip on the state fair. The location for the next five years was decided at a meeting of the state board of agriculture Tuesday. On the first ballot the vote was 1, north 39, Hastings 17, Grand Island 11, Omaha 8, Columbus 7, Kearney 5, Long Pine 3. On the second ballot the vote was Lincoln 56, Hastings 15, Omaha 10, Grand Island 6, Columbus 2. Omaha never had any show, anyway.

The recent charity ball developed a surprising crop of "kickers," and the impudence of these fellows is enough to make one "tired." This is an occasion when slang is none too strong to express my feelings. They have raised a great howl about the money used for expenses incident to the ball. I have no patience to argue the matter—to explain how the money came from purses that will not miss it and went into the pockets of deserving laboring people to be again expended for the necessities of life right here at home. I think the gentlemen who managed the charity ball are foolish in putting themselves on the defensive in trying to "explain" away objections. It is no business of these "kickers." It is safe to say that none of them bought a ticket to the ball, and no public fund was drawn on. John R. Clark, S. H. Burnham, H. P. Foster, J. A. Buckstaff, Judge Cobb and a number of other gentlemen chose to attend a ball whose business is it? Certainly not John Doe's or Richard Roe's. If one of these chaps should go to Mr. Clark's office and object to the manner in which that gentleman was spending his money, Mr. Clark would be justified in kicking the impudent fellow out of the office. If one hundred and fifty people chose to give a ball and tax themselves five dollars a ticket instead of the actual expense of the affair (about two dollars), it is their own business. If they choose to give the surplus to the poor or invest it in Lincoln real estate, why that is their business, too. I cannot see by what theory John Doe gets the shadow of a right to dictate how John R. Clark shall spend his money in such a case. The middlemost "kickers" should be treated with the silent contempt they deserve.

LOVE AND "LA GRIPPE."

Oh! my love has got a red, red nose,
A face round as the moon,
And if she sings a melody,
It's not at all in tune.
These words were sung in a bonny lass,
And fare thee well while,
From your sweet presence I must fly
At least ten thousand miles.
Oh! my love has got a hacking cough—
And bloodshot is her eye,
Her temperature, the doctor says,
Abnormally is high,
Her voice is rough and tough and gruff,
Her nose is swollen like a pea,
And when she tries to tell her love,
She ends up in a sneeze.
Oh! my love has got a bad, bad cold,
Her throat is very sore,
Her misery I can't bear to see,
Nor hear her rancorous snore,
I'll send myself a telegram,
And read it with a sigh,
That calls me far, far out of town
Until her nose is dry.

Charity Ball Receipts.

S. H. BURNHAM, Esq., Chairman Finance Com. Charity Ball—Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, beg to acknowledge receipt of \$381.05 in cash, \$50.00 in orders for coal, flour, groceries, etc., and pledges from parties who for various reasons were prevented from attending the ball, making the total amount something over \$500.00.
A rumor to the effect that an unnecessary amount of money had been wasted in decorations, printing, etc., led to an investigation, the result of which is highly satisfactory, and reflects great credit on the management, as the so-called "expenses" went into the pockets of the laboring classes, resulting in much good to all concerned. As an example, the florists disposed of quantities of flowers that otherwise would have died on their hands, the hackmen received increased patronage, the decorator consumed some eight or ten days in his work, and hard work it was too, the colored waiting maids received a donation, while printers, musicians, electric light employees and others were given extra work at reasonable wages. In fact, the entire receipts, amounting to \$500, went to those deserving of the same, and we fail to see wherein an improvement could have been made in the disbursement of the funds.
Trusting that the next annual charity ball will be even more successful than this one has been (if that be possible), and again thanking you on behalf of the poor for the goodly sum so generously donated, we remain,
Very Truly Yours,
REV. F. HOWE, City Missionary.
D. L. BRACE, Treasurer.
C. J. ERNST, Secretary.

Buy Gulick's bread.

The COURIER printed a large number of extra copies last week in anticipation of the demand for reports of the charity ball, but the supply was quickly exhausted, and a second edition had to be printed.

Lessons in Painting.

Miss Clair Link has returned and opened a class in Oil, Water Colors, Pastel and the Royal Worcester china painting at her studio, 1420 K street. Terms and particulars furnished on application.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

VERYBODY in this part of the country has seen and heard Fay Templeton—that is, everybody who went to the theater much a few years ago. A passing interest in that bewitching young woman is revived by the fact that her mother was in the "Zigzag" company which performed in Lincoln last week. Mrs. Templeton (Alice Vane is her stage name) played the termagant wife at the opening of the play, and later in the performance gave the woman's rights speech dressed in man's apparel. Mrs. Templeton has been on the operatic and dramatic stage for years and has had many vicissitudes, but she remains a handsome, well-preserved woman of charming manner. She has all a mother's love for her daughter, and is wrapped up in wayward Fay. She speaks of Fay's infatuation for the young New York blood as a girl's foolishness, as though it were likely to pass away soon. Fay is now in Paris, but several managers are anxiously seeking engagements with her, and her mother thinks she will be back next season. Fay has that quality best comprehended in the French word *chic*, and then she has a witchery that's genuinely American. When she played in comic opera through the west she captivated the hearts of the men wherever she went, and she has a host of admirers west of the Mississippi who would be glad to see her back on the stage. It is a pity Fay should be wasting her time when there is a fortune within her grasp, but her mother says she is studying in Paris and has increased the compass of her voice a note or two. Mr. and Mrs. Templeton have separated, and both are said to be about ready to remarry. Mrs. Templeton, it is rumored, will join her fortunes with Mr. A. C. Wheelan, who played the hen-pecked husband and "Roaring Bill" in "Zigzag." Mr. Wheelan is a versatile comedian and a fine singer, who was out of voice in Lincoln, and he is doing excellent work on the stage.

"Siberia," Wednesday, drew a fair house, but was put on indifferently by a very ordinary company.
The Matt Gray opera company drew a somewhat larger house Thursday in "The Brigands." This Gray is not the other Gray who has made the musical reputation of the family. The company had a strong chorus, poor soloists, homely women, no scenery and costumes rather the worse for wear.
"She," the dramatization of Rider Haggard's noted story, was given at Funk's last night. It will be repeated at a matinee this afternoon and this evening. The COURIER goes to press too early to give a critique of it.

ONE OF HOYT'S.

"A Hole in the Ground," one of Charles H. Hoyt's farces, is looked at Funk's for Monday evening. The New York *Gossip* says of the company: "Charles H. Clarke, a clever comedian for many years, is the new stranger. His work bears a strong resemblance to that of George Richards, and he made the character show for its whole worth. Jesse Jenkins and Harry Gilford deserve credit for their varied assumptions. Frank Lawton's whistling specialty went as strong as ever. Commendatory words are also due Julian Mitchell, George Lake, Lillian Ramsden and W. H. Jordan. Miss Ramsden caught the house finely with her dancing. Flippant Alice Evans, as the Telegraph Girl, was most attractive, and could easily have done more if her lines had called for it. A more ambitious role would fit her abilities. Katie Hart is the new Lincoln Girl, and she made a pronounced success, especially when she had an opportunity to display her well-known and highly appreciated terpsichorean abilities. She is one of our clearest dancers and soubrettes, and her new role fits her admirably."

LINCOLN FAVORITES.

Murray and Murphy and "Our Irish Visitors" will be with us again next Wednesday night at Funk's. An exchange says of them: "Murray and Murphy are stars. They have a rich and rather gorgeous Irish dialect, and an easy, natural style of acting that surpasses the efforts of other comedians of their class, and that gives a certain artistic touch to their work that is missing from the efforts of the ordinary run of dialecticians. They are great fun makers, unequalled in their special field. In their personations they remind one of the cleverness of Demian Thompson. Col. Gilbooley is quite as much a masterpiece as is Joshua Whitcomb, and Alderman Jerry McGinnis is as perfect a picture of a metropolitan type as if it were lifted bodily out of the life of New York. It is worth more than the price of admission to hear Murray and Murphy sing 'I Owe Tin Dollars to O'Grady,' and there is the wonderful ballet in which Gilbooley, McGinnis, the duke and the Teuton appear in pink tights."

ERMINIE AND SADIJE.

When these two operas were presented by Rudolph Aronson's comic opera company at the New York Casino over two years ago it was expected that their reception would be a hearty one and that their term of favor would be long and prosperous, but that they would hold public attention as long as they have, no one, not even their most sanguine admirers, ever dreamed. But somehow they struck the keynote of popular favor, and ever since then they attracted crowds that literally packed the Casino. They seemed to possess just the very elements that the public had been looking for in light opera—simplicity of plot and dialogue, plenty of strong and humorous comedy situations and pretty music that would linger in the memory. They will be given here by Mr. Aronson's company in the same careful style that distinguished their

production at the New York Casino. The costumes are all new, and the scenery represents some of the most beautiful conceptions of Henry E. Hoyt, all brand new. "Erminie" will be given at Funk's next Friday evening and "Sadje" Saturday evening. Aronson has sent out a strong company and Lincoln people may expect a treat.

THE KORN MUSEE.

The most striking feature of the week was the two South Sea Islanders, said to be the only representatives of now extinct cannibal tribes. They are tattooed and dressed in the costume made familiar by pictures. They execute a dance in which one beats time with a sort of tom-tom while the other shakes two gourd filled with gravel. On the little stage gorton gives a talk something like George Wilson, the minstrel. Jennie Boyd plays on a variety of tuneful articles, including horse shoes. On the big stage Senator Lee gives a very good juggling performance. Barth does some high kicking and quiet tumbling, and other specialties fill out the program.

The Musee will have good programs on both stages next week, but the overshadowing feature will be Jonathan Bass the ossified man. He is sixty years old. For thirty-two years his body has been turning to bone, and for twenty years he has been afflicted with lockjaw. The *International Journal of Surgery* (Vol. 12), February, 1889, says: "All the muscles, tendons and joints have been converted into solid bone, he is incapable of any motion whatever, being a prisoner in his own ossified frame." Prof. Harnett, the famous president of Jefferson Medical college, Philadelphia, said of Bass: "Never since creation has anyone existed any period of time under the same conditions that Bass has. How he lives and thrives is a mystery to me." The population of the world today is estimated at 2,000,000,000. Among that enormous mass of human beings there is not another like this bone-entombed Christian man from Lockport, New York. The burial grounds of the earth contain over 6,000,000,000,000 of bodies that have lived and died, and among those who have passed away there never existed a being who little by little, day by day, slowly but surely turned to a mass of solid bone.

MUSIC.

The ladies of the Woman's Christian Association have engaged the Mendelssohn Quintet club to give a concert at St. Paul's M. E. church next Tuesday evening. The vocal music will be supplied by Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, soprano. The W. C. A. is engaged in a benevolent work that must commend itself to all, and the people of Lincoln are in honor bound to give it their support. But this entertainment does not appeal alone to the public spirit of our citizens. The Mendelssohn Quintet club has been organized for forty years, and it has long stood at the head of all concert organizations in this country. Thomas Ryan, clarinet and viola, who organized the club, is still its manager. With him are four musicians who have made their mark in the old world. Wilhelm Ohliger, violinist, traveled over Europe in concert and Joachim calls him "an uncommonly talented violinist." Amasa Adler, violinist, is an American, began his studies in Chicago, spent four years at the Royal School for Music in Berlin, and has been with the club two seasons. Paul Henneberg, flute and viola, began his music in Germany at the age of six and has won many laurels in Europe. Max Droge, one of the most brilliant cello players, is a German by birth, but has scored triumphs in Russia and Finland as well as in his own country. Miss Hamlin is a Boston girl, but she spent several years in England, and was in demand for orations and festival concerts in Great Britain, and her singing passed the gauntlet of the most exacting critics.

TALK OF THE STAGE.

The following attractions were announced for this week in New York: "Princes and Paupers" at the Broadway; Wm. H. Crane's company at the Star; "The Brigands" at the Casino; Dixey in "Seven Ages" at the Standard; "A Tin Soldier" at the Windsor; Richard Mansfield at Palmer's; Julia Marlowe at the Fifth Avenue; "Aunt Jack" at the Madison Square; "A Midnight Bell" at the Bijou; "The Gondoliers" at the Park; "Shenandoah" at Proctor's; Robert Mantell in "The Corsican Brothers" at the Fourteenth Street; "The Old Homestead" at the Academy; "Bluebird, Jr." at Niblo's; Margaret Mather at the Grand; "As You Like It" at Daly's; "The County Fair" at the Union Square; Vandeville at Tony Pastor's; "The Charity Ball" at the Lyceum; "The Still Alarm" at the People's; "Woman Against Woman" at the Third Avenue; Wild & Collier at the Comedy.

An amusing incident happened in Atchison, Kansas, during a recent performance of "Annette, the Dancing Girl," by Lile Akerstrom. The nimble little actress, who is a four-pound Russian terrier that has a profound hatred for rats. She had just made her entrance on the stage when a large rat appeared from the wings closely followed by the dog. In an instant there was a mixture of rat and terrier in the center of the stage. Miss Akerstrom, with true womanly instinct, scrambled upon a table, and a shrill chorus of feminine screams went up from the ladies in the audience, while the star so far forgot herself as to shout, "Good boy, shake him up!" The male portion of the audience cheered lustily and as the struggling dog was carried away, a dead rat nearly as large as himself was left behind. Miss Akerstrom descended from the table and the play proceeded.

Daisy Hope Stoddard, the twelve-year old orator, the prodigy who won the diamond medal in the national oratorical contest, is a resident of Nebraska. Her home is at Republican City. She sends the *Courier* word that she will give entertainments in Lincoln Feb. 19 and 20. She will be assisted by several other persons in giving an interesting program, and the papers speak of her as a phenomenon.

The gross receipts of the Patti opera season in Chicago were \$222,365. The attendance reached 100,000. At the last matinee there were 6,000 present, the receipts being \$4,250. The same company, which went to Mexico, will play a return engagement at the Auditorium, March 10.

A feature of a recent matinee in Galveston by Gilmore's band was the presence of 100 little orphans from the orphan's home, who occupied front seats with the compliments of Mr. Gilmore.

Lawrence Barrett has nearly recovered his health and goes to Europe February 1 for an extended vacation, returning to this country in the fall, when he will resume his work.

Madame Patti has been giving advice to a young American girl. "Take plenty of exercise; take it in the open air; take it alone and keep the mouth closed."

Lotta will go on the road again next season and a tour has been booked for her extending to San Francisco.

Nat Goodwin produces his new play, "Colonel Tom," January 27 in Boston.

He Knew It.

"You should have been around to the theater to-night," said the agent to the dramatic writer. "It was a splendid house."

"Yes."

"Magnificent."

"I can vouch for its being a good house."

"No doubt of it."

"I know the man that built it, and he is noted for putting up good houses."

And then the dramatic man wrote something about a fair sized audience.—Merchant Traveler.

Questionable Methods.

Jack—Pushing fellow, that Brown, the real estate dealer.

Jerry—Yes. But I don't like his methods.

Jack—Honest, isn't he?

Jerry—Well—in a way. But he found a suburban man with six boys. Gave each of them a drum. In one week adjoining property fell 100 per cent. Brown bought, made a stake and bought each boy a football. Now the boys are dead and Brown has all the real estate in that vicinity.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Incomparable Art of the French.

Admitting all the moral degradation of the lively Gaul, let us for one brief moment try to keep our excellent virtue from the question: Why is it that our educated people read novels still of style so bad, of texture so light, of meaning so vacuous that no *Palais Royal* book stall would venture to imprint them? Or, rather, why are they of France such artists, and yet such wicked ones? Why do they still care for excellence in art, if in nothing else? Incomparable in "the calm pursuits of peace," they throw together a few thousand oaks, a few hundred aquaroles, a few million bits of fused sand or baked Paris and steep gingerly, admiring, through the show shelves of this beaten people. Such artists are they? So delicately, so consummately do they work, each in his quiet little shop, or field, or study!—Scrimer.

Best Place Yet.

It is estimated that Americans have sunk \$80,000,000 in Mexico in the last two years in mining and farming speculations, but you have only to form a company, put out a circular about a rich old hole in the ground dug by the Aztecs, and there will be plenty to subscribe.—Detroit Free Press.

There's Some Pathos in This Joke.

Gentleman (to poor little boy)—Well, Johnny, did Santa Claus put anything in your stocking?

Boy—No, he didn't; but he would if it hadn't been for one thing.

Gentleman—What's that?

Boy—Showing a bare foot through a big hole in his shoe.—That's that.—Washington Critic.

A Lucky Birth.

"Whatever are you doing, hanging up both your stockings?" asked a mother of her little girl. "One is enough; besides, you shouldn't be so greedy, my dear."

"I ain't greedy," was the philosophical reply. "You must remember, ma, that I'm a twin."—Judge.

Perhaps the readers of the COURIER would like to know in what respect Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is better than any other. We will tell you: When this remedy is taken as directed, as soon as cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it will counteract the effect of the cold, and greatly lessen its severity, if not effectually cure the cold in two days time and it is the only remedy that will do this. It acts in perfect harmony with nature and aids nature in relieving the lungs, opening the secretions, liquefying the mucus and causing its expulsion from the air cells of the lungs and restoring the system to a strong and healthy condition. No other remedy in the market possesses these remarkable properties. No other will cure a cold as quickly or leave the system in as sound a condition. 50 cent and \$1 bottles for sale by A. L. Shadler.

Ask your grocer for Gulick's bread.

The noblest turnouts that are seen on our thoroughfares are from the Palace stables. Telephone No. 435. Stables on M street opposite Masonic temple.

Fine watch repairing at Perry & Harris.

1221 O street.

Adams, Lansing & Scott, attorneys, rooms 20, 21 and 22. Latta block.

H. C. Clark Gets \$30,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery.

"It is actually true that you have received a part of the capital prize in the last drawing of the Louisiana State lottery," said a reporter of Mr. H. C. Clark, a young lithographer employed at August Gast's and residing at 712 North Compton avenue. "Yes," said he, "I have received \$30,000 in cash. The money was paid to me by the Continental National bank of St. Louis, and is now in my possession, and a part of it will go into an elegant little home for myself and my family. My ticket was number 35.—St. Louis (Mo.) Star-Sayings, Nov. 25.

Ladies may order anything in the grocery line by telephone 108 of the Gulick Bakery and depend on getting the best at reasonable prices delivered at their door.

Gulick's bread is still weight.